Eightball
NUMBER 13
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WHAT?! IT'S MY PUNK LOOK!
BY DANIEL CLOWES
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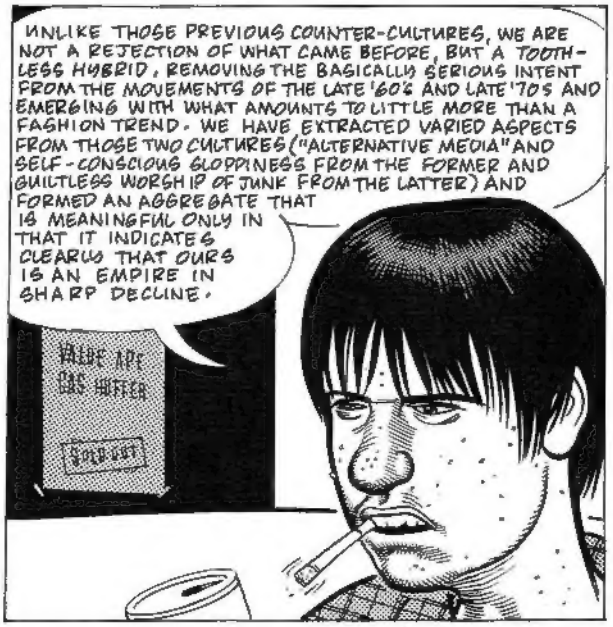
BUDDY BRADLEY

or "WHO WOULD YOU RATHER FUCK: GINGER OR MARY ANN?"

with STINKY and LISA

By D. Clowes • All characters © PETER BAGGE 1994



BLUE ITALIAN SHIT

By D. Clowes

SO ANYWAY, MY NAME IS RODGER YOUNG, ETC., ETC. I'M EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD AND STILL A VIRGIN AT THIS POINT. I'VE JUST MOVED TO THE BIG CITY. THIS IS ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. IT'S THE FALL OF 1979...

UP TO THIS POINT IN MY LIFE THINGS HAVEN'T GONE TOO WELL. SO NOW, FINALLY, HERE'S MY BIG CHANCE TO CREATE A NEW PERSONA. IT'S THE PERFECT PLACE TO BEGIN A STORY...

AS WE BEGIN, OUR CITY HAS ENTERED AN ERA OF EXTREME SQUALOR AND DECAY... WE'RE USED TO IT NOW, BUT AT THAT TIME THE UNYIELDING FILTH CARRIED WITH IT A MYSTICAL, ALMOST BIBLICAL QUALITY...

A FEW YEARS LATER, I'M SITTING ON A STOOP WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRLFRIEND. I FEEL THAT WE'VE FALLEN IN LOVE DURING THE COURSE OF THE AFTERNOON. A BUM PICKS UP ON THIS AND STARTS TALKING TO US...

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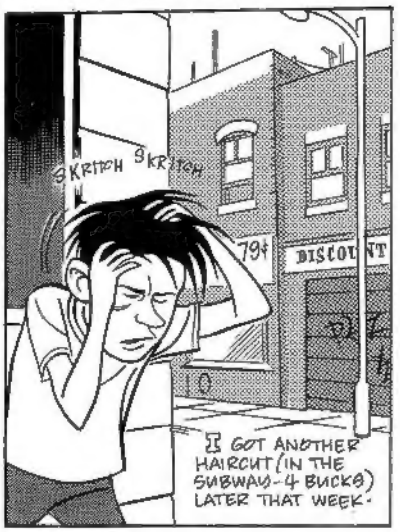
THEN HE LEANS TOWARD US AND VOMITS THREE HEAVES OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE BEER AND CHEERIOS, AND WALKS AWAY LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED. THAT'S WHAT I MEAN BY BIBLICAL... IT'S LIKE THEY SENT AN ANGEL TO PUNISH US FOR OUR ADULTEROUS THOUGHTS.

BUT THAT WAS LATER. WE'RE STILL IN 1979. SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER WAS STILL THE BIG CULTURAL REFERENCE... WHEN I FIRST GOT THERE I WENT TO THE BARBER SHOP. THE WHOLE TIME I'M WORRYING ABOUT HOW MUCH IT'S GOING TO COST AND NOT PAYING ATTENTION AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW, THERE I AM WITH A JOHN TRAVOLTA HAIRCUT!

I JUST PAID AND GOT OUT... I ALWAYS THINK ABOUT THAT... THERE WERE FIFTEEN MINUTES ON THIS EARTH WHEN I HAD A JOHN TRAVOLTA HAIRCUT!



HORROR WAS IN THE AIR IN THOSE DAYS. WE HAD TO REGISTER AGAIN FOR THE DRAFT, REAGAN WAS ABOUT TO BE ELECTED, THE NUCLEAR CLOCK WAS AT 11:57... I GAVE IN TO IT WITHOUT A FIGHT... BEYOND THAT, EVEN...

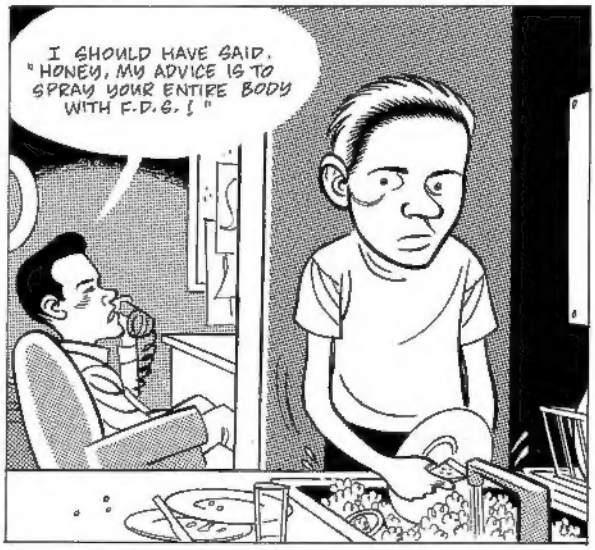
IT WAS COMFORTING TO EMBRACE MY DOOM IN FRONT OF OTHERS, BUT EVERY NIGHT I WOULD LIE AWAKE, SCARED SHITLESS OF ALL SORTS OF THINGS THAT WOUND UP NEVER HAPPENING...

DURING THIS TIME I WAS LIVING WITH TWO ROOMMATES...

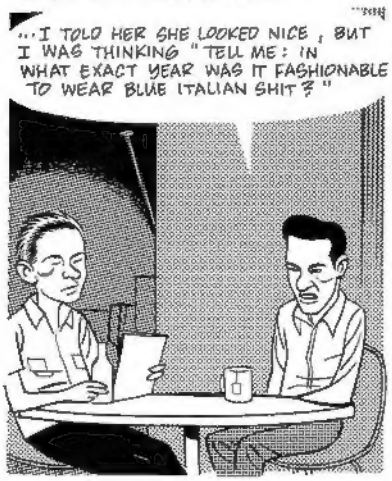
NAT WAS A TOTALLY WORTHLESS, DISGUSTING IDIOT. HE LISTENED TO KANSAS, WALKED AROUND NAKED, AND HIS FAVORITE SNACK WAS WONDER BREAD SMOTHERED IN RANCH DRESSING.

DAVID WAS A PRETTY INTERESTING CASE... WAS HE GAY? I MEAN, HE WAS A FASHION STUDENT, HE SPOKE IN AN AFFECTED WAY, LIKE A DISAPPROVING MATRON, AND HE WAS REALLY INTO MOTOWN... BUT HE NEVER HAD A BOYFRIEND OR ANYTHING...

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE WAS JUST ASEXUAL, OR WHATEVER... THERE WAS JUST NO WAY YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE HIM EVEN KISSING A WOMAN...



I GUESS HE MADE IT PRETTY CLEAR... IN POINT OF FACT, HE WAS THE MEANEST GUY I EVER MET, POSSESSING A FORMIDABLE KNACK FOR HONING IN ON ONE'S WEAK POINTS (ALWAYS IN THE THIRD PERSON--ALL THE MORE DANGEROUS) AND ENLARGING THEM...



THE ONLY TIME I EVER SAW BEYOND HIS CULTIVATED FACADE WAS WHEN I CAME HOME EARLY ONCE AND FOUND HIM GYRATING STIFFLY ON HIS BED TO A CONNIE FRANCIS RECORD...

I DIDN'T HANG OUT WITH MY ROOMMATES MUCH, BUT EVEN SO, AFTER A FEW MONTHS I BEGAN TO ADOPT SOME OF DAVID'S VOCABULARY, MOSTLY ONLY WHEN I WAS TALKING TO HIM... I'VE OFTEN INGRATIATED MYSELF TO BULLIES AND CREEPS LIKE THAT, COME TO THINK OF IT...

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT I HAD A DIFFERENT PERSONA ENTIRELY... THE PUNK SCENE WAS PRETTY MUCH OVER IN 1979 BUT IT WAS NEW TO ME. I IMAGINED MYSELF AS SORT OF A ROGUISH TOUGH-GUY (!) PRETTY PATHETIC, BUT I MANAGED TO TEMPORARILY ATTRACT A FEW DRUNKEN GIRLS WITH IT...

THIS WORKED UP TO A POINT, BUT IT WAS ESSENTIAL TO GET AWAY BEFORE I SAID SOMETHING TO DESTROY THE ILLUSION...

UP TO THIS POINT, I HAD NOT TAKEN DRUGS OF ANY KIND... I GUESS I HAVEN'T REALLY SINCE THEN EITHER... I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE TAKEN MORE DRUGS, BUT I COULDN'T STAND THE IDEA OF LOOKING LIKE A NOVICE... IT WAS KINDA THE SAME REASON I HADN'T HAD SEX YET... ANYWAY, ONE NIGHT THIS OLDER COUPLE CONVINCED ME TO TAKE ACID...

IT TURNED OUT IT WAS ONLY SOME REALLY BAD SPEED... I DECIDED TO RIDE THE SUBWAY WHILE I WAS WAITING FOR MY "TRIP" TO BEGIN BUT I ONLY GOT A WEIRD, NERVOUS TINGLING IN MY SCALP... FOR SEVERAL HOURS I CONTINUOUSLY COMBED BACK ONE SIDE OF MY HAIR WITH MY FINGERS...

I REMEMBER LOOKING AROUND AND BEING ACUTELY AWARE OF HOW HOPELESS EVERYONE LOOKED... I MEAN REALLY HOPELESS, AS IN NO HOPE EVER... THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE RIDDEN THE SUBWAY WILL RECOGNIZE THAT THIS WAS NOT JUST SOME HALLUCINATION...

I WALKED AROUND FOR SEVERAL HOURS AND DECIDED TO GO TO A LAME "ROCK" CLUB... THREE BANDS I'D NEVER HEARD OF BUT NO COVER... AT THIS POINT I WAS EXTREMELY JITTERY, BUT SOME NEOPHYTE, OUT-OF-IT PUNK GIRL STARTED TALKING TO ME ANYWAY...

AH, PUNK GIRLS... THEY SAVED MY LIFE... NOT THE KIND OF PUNK GIRLS WHO ARE SCARY DRUG ADDICTS AND LIVE IN ABANDONED BUILDINGS, BUT A DIFFERENT TYPE OF LONELY, NAIVE, URBAN MISFIT-GIRL...

I'M NOT SURE THEY EVEN EXIST ANYMORE, BUT ANYWAY, GOD LOVE 'EM! NOT THAT I'D GOTTEN LAID AT THIS POINT, BUT IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT...

ANYWAY, AS I SAID, THE PUNK THING WAS JUST ABOUT OVER, BUT I WAS STILL TOTALLY INTO IT... I SPENT EVERY PENNY I HAD ON RECORDS... I STILL HAVE 'EM ALL...

ACTUALLY, I GUESS I'VE SOLD A LOT OF THEM...

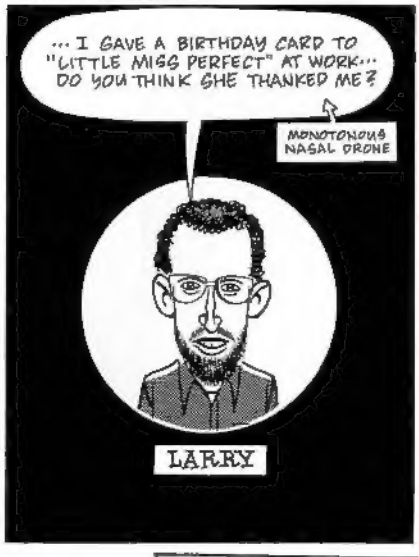
I REMEMBER ONE TIME ON THE SUBWAY THIS GUY WAS HASSLING ME ABOUT JESUS AND I TOLD HIM I WAS BROKE AND HE HANDED ME A 20 DOLLAR BILL... THAT WAS LIKE 80 DOLLARS NOWADAYS...

HE SAID, "NOW DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE AT LEAST MIGHT BE SOME HIGHER POWER LOOKING OUT FOR YOU?" I SAID "YES!" AND WENT DOWNTOWN AND BOUGHT 20 DOLLARS WORTH OF SINGLES...

AS I GOT OFF THE SUBWAY I HEARD A GUY SAY, "HEY YO, WHAT ABOUT ME, MAN? I DON'T BELIEVE THAT SHIT!"

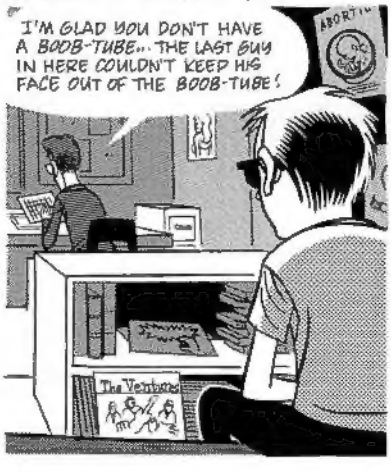
ANYWAY, BOTH OF MY ROOMMATES SPLIT. NAT JUST DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT AND DAVID, I THINK, GOT TIRED OF ME IMITATING HIM AND TOOK OFF. I CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM; IT EMBARRASSES ME TO THINK ABOUT IT NOW... IT'S JUST THAT I COULDN'T STAND THE IDEA OF HIM TALKING ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK THAT WAY... I GUESS I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PRETTY IMPRESSIONABLE GUY...

SO I MOVED TO ANOTHER ROOM WITH THE SADDEST AND MOST FASCINATING OF ALL ROOMMATES...



LARRY WAS THE TEXTBOOK DEFINITION OF A CREEP. HIS CREEPINESS WAS IMMEDIATELY APPARENT AND NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF HIS EXTREMELY CREEPY APPEARANCE. FOR INSTANCE, HE KEPT A SPYGLASS IN HIS DRESSER WITH WHICH HE WOULD SCRUTINIZE EVERY WOMAN WHO ENTERED THE BUILDING...

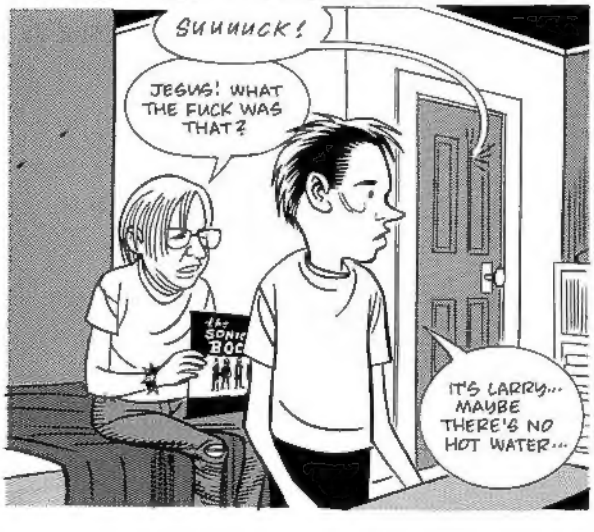
HE WAS A 28-YEAR OLD ENGINEERING STUDENT. HE WAS (AND I'M SURE STILL IS) A VIRGIN. HE MADE HIS OWN FURNITURE OUT OF CARDBOARD (COULD I MAKE THAT UP?) AND SHOWED NO DISTASTE FOR MY DECOR (WHICH COULD NOT HAVE BEEN LESS LIKE HIS AND WAS CHOSEN SPECIFICALLY TO OFFEND HIM)...



AFTER A FEW DAYS OF TORTURE, I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME AND VOWED TO STICK IT OUT. IF THIS SEEMS LIKE A POINTLESS DETOUR IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I REFUSE TO LET SACRIFICE GO TO WASTE.

HE HAD AN INCORRUPTIBLE, MANNERED CHEAPNESS PERFECTLY SUITING HIS MARTYR-LIKE PERSONALITY. HIS DIET CONSISTED OF FROZEN JONES SAUSAGES AND CORN FLAKES WHICH HE ATE WITH A GROTESQUE, SOGGY, SLURPING GUSTO...

HE WAS A DEVOTED REPUBLICAN (OFTEN REFERING TO OUR SOON-TO-BE-FORMER PRESIDENT AS "MR. PEANUT") AND AN ATHEIST, BUT WAS ODDLY UNABLE TO SWEAR WITHOUT USING AWKWARD, HOMEMADE EUPHEMISMS, WEIRDEST OF WHICH WAS "SUCK" IN PLACE OF "FUCK"...



ONLY ONE TIME DO I REMEMBER HIM PURSUING A "MATE". SHE WAS A HOMELY GIRL WHO WORKED AT THE STORE ACROSS THE STREET WHO HE INSISTED WAS SMILING AT HIM. I KNEW SHE WAS JUST THAT SMILEY TYPE, BUT STILL I EGGED HIM ON... IT APPARENTLY WENT LIKE THIS:

HE WAS ENTIRELY WITHOUT CHARM AND I TALKED TO HIM ONLY IN THE SPIRIT OF MORBID FASCINATION, WHICH MADE THE SUDDEN REVELATION OF THIS HORRIBLE FACT ALL THE MORE CHILLING:

I CONSTANTLY MADE FUN OF POOR LARRY BEHIND HIS BACK WHILE APPEARING TO BE HIS PAL... WHAT A CALLOUS BASTARD! FORTUNATELY, WHENEVER I START TO FEEL BAD ABOUT IT, I HAVE A BACKLOG OF MEMORIES THAT JUSTIFY MY CRUELTY...

NOT THAT I CAN CLAIM I REALLY CARED ABOUT SUCH TRANSGRESSIONS AT THE TIME... IT TOOK ME ANOTHER 4 OR 5 YEARS BEFORE I DEVELOPED ANY SORT OF A CONSCIENCE (AND TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT EVEN SURE THAT'S WHAT IT IS) ... I'M A LATE BLOOMER, I GUESS... ANYWAY, THE LAST TIME I SAW LARRY WAS 7 OR 8 YEARS AGO. I WAS LIVING IN A DIFFERENT PLACE AND HE STOPPED BY. THE MINUTE HE GOT INSIDE, HE STARTED TAPPING ON THE WALLS WITH HIS FINGERTIPS...

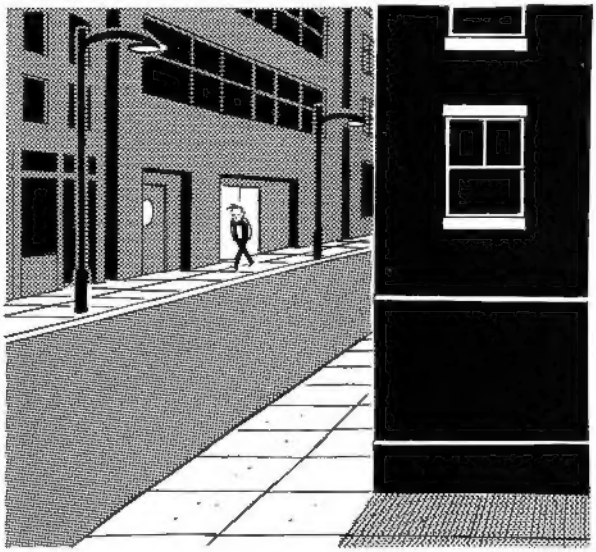
DURING THAT SUMMER WITH LARRY I WENT OUT EVERY NIGHT. IT'S LIKE I KNEW THAT NOTHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN AT HOME SO I WENT OUT TO IMPROVE MY CHANCES. I SPENT THE WHOLE SUMMER WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN. IT WAS REALLY HOT BUT I NEVER TOOK OFF MY LEATHER JACKET...

THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THOSE DAYS... IN RETROSPECT, IT SEEMS LIKE THEY WERE ALL FLIRTING WITH ME ONLY I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO READ THE SIGNS... IT WAS A TRAGIC SEASON OF MISSED OPPORTUNITIES... THIS WAS EVEN BEFORE AIDS...

THIS WAS ALSO THE SUMMER I STARTED DRINKING HEAVILY... I STRONGLY RECOMMEND IT FOR ANYONE WHO HAS TROUBLE TALKING TO THE OPPOSITE SEX... I'D PROBABLY STILL BE A VIRGIN IF NOT FOR ALCOHOL...

I REMEMBER ONE NIGHT I WAS AT THIS BAR... SOME GIRL TOLD ME TO MEET HER THERE, BUT THEN SHE SHOWED UP WITH A BUNCH OF FRIENDS AND IGNORED ME. IT WAS PRETTY AWKWARD SO I DRANK A LOT -- PARTLY TO MAKE HER THINK I WAS A HARD-DRINKIN' BADASS...

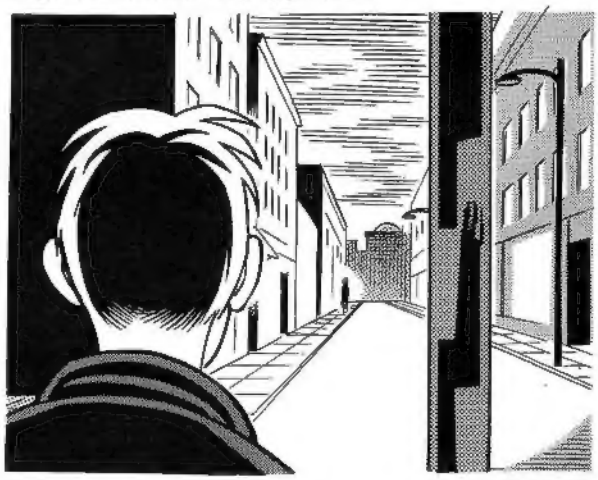
AFTER SHE AND HER FRIENDS LEFT, I TOOK THE SUBWAY DOWNTOWN AND STARTED WALKING AROUND THE BUSINESS DISTRICT... IT WAS TOTALLY DESERTED...



AT ABOUT 4:30 I WALKED BY THIS VACANT LOT THAT WAS FILLED WITH A GIANT OPAQUE CLOUD OF STEAM... I WENT OVER TO TAKE A LOOK AND I COULD SEE THERE WERE LIKE 25 BUMS ASLEEP ON THESE STEAM VENTS... IT WAS BUM HEAVEN, THOUGH WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY WERE BREATHING...

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER IT WAS MORNING. I HADN'T SEEN ANYBODY SINCE THE BUMS. OUT OF NOWHERE THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL COMES FROM AROUND THE CORNER AND WALKS PAST ME... WE SMILED AND LOOKED BACK AT EACH OTHER... I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LOOK ON HER FACE...

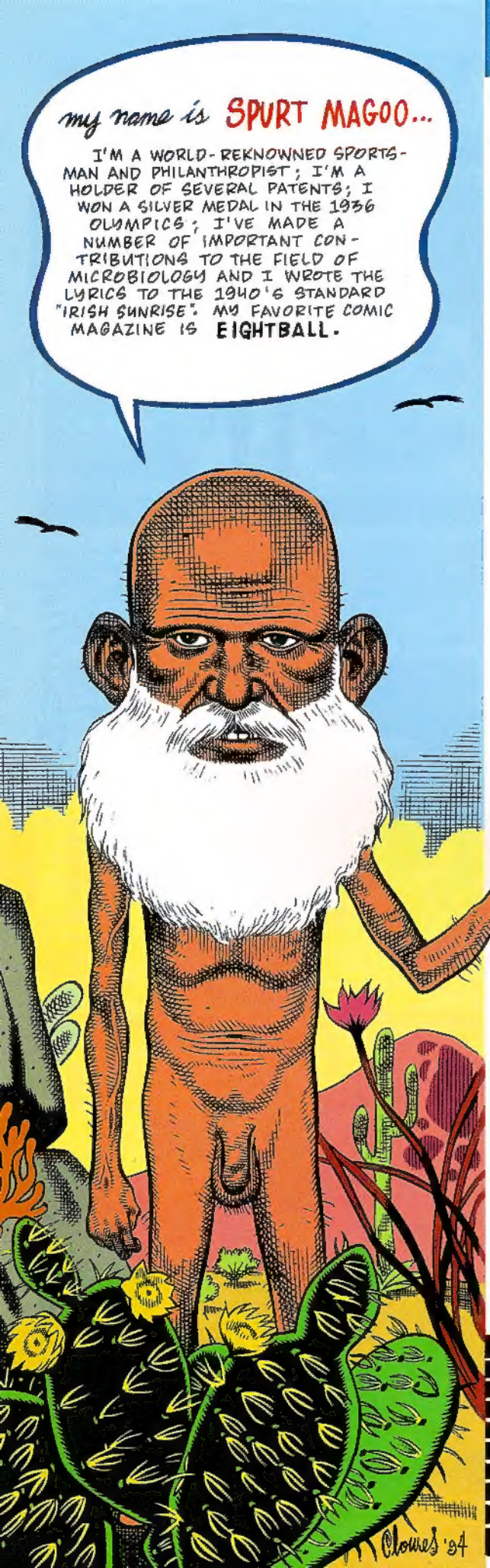
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE MOMENTS WHERE LIFE DELIVERS ON THE PROMISES OFFERED BY HOLLYWOOD... I JUST STOOD THERE AND WATCHED HER DISAPPEAR LIKE THE PATHETIC, "ROMANTIC" COWARD I WAS (AND STILL AM, I GUESS)... IN A WAY, IT WAS A PERFECT MOMENT--EVERYTHING I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR... PEOPLE LIKE ME PROBABLY DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO ACTUALLY HAPPEN TO THEM, ANYWAY...



IT'S LIKE WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER, I USED TO HANG OUT AT THE BEACH WITH THIS KID NAMED BEMIS, A DUMB SOCIAL DEVIANT WHO WAS INTO RUSH AND EVEL KNIEVEL... THIS BEACH WAS TOTALLY DESERTED AND WE WERE ALWAYS WAITING... AT LEAST ONCE A DAY WE'D GO THROUGH THIS RITUAL:

THE LEATHER JACKET I USED TO HAVE -- I GAVE IT TO A GIRL I WAS IN LOVE WITH IN 1983... ONLY ONE OF MANY REGRETS...

ANYWAY, TOWARD THE END OF THE SUMMER, I FUCKED A GIRL I MET AT A BUZZCOCKS CONCERT. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MY FIRST TIME AND I DIDN'T TELL HER.



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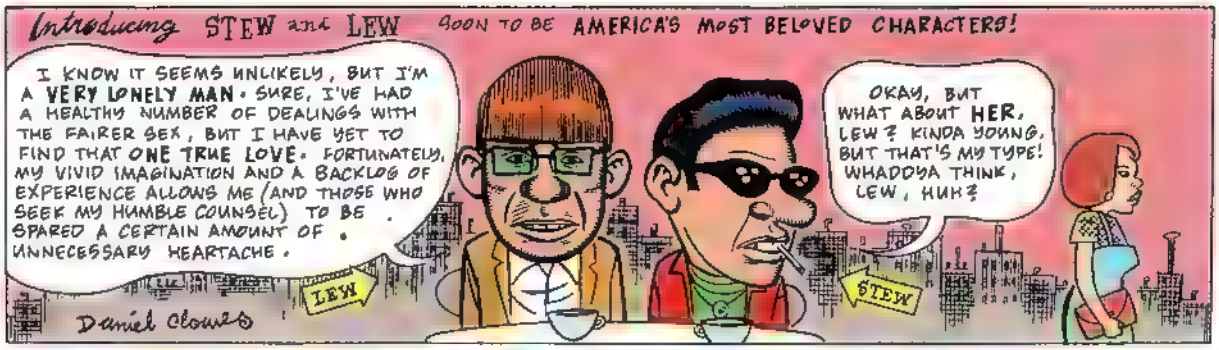
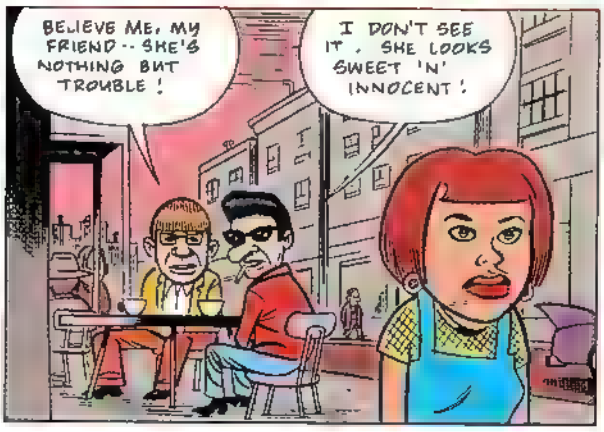
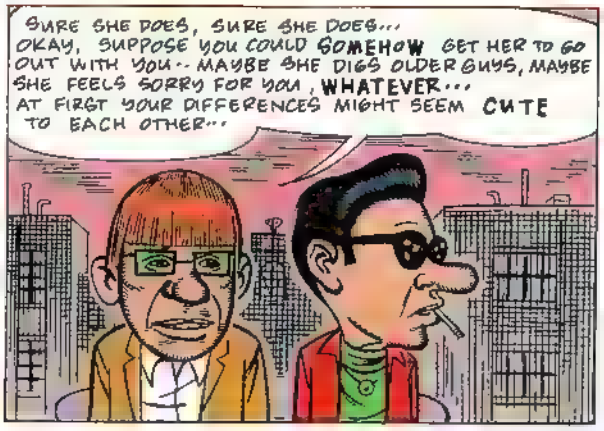
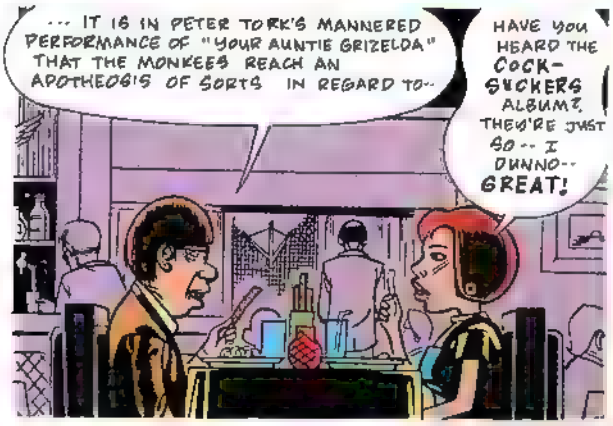
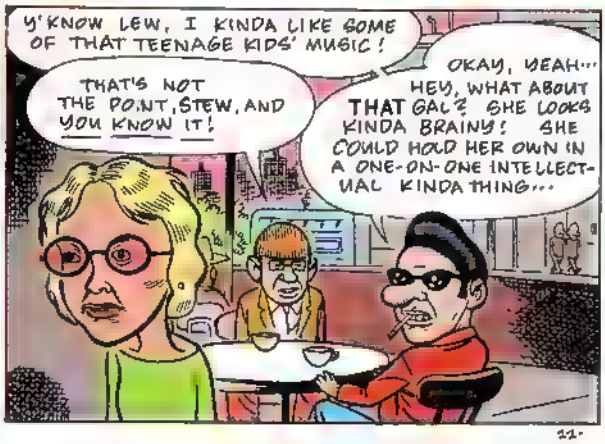


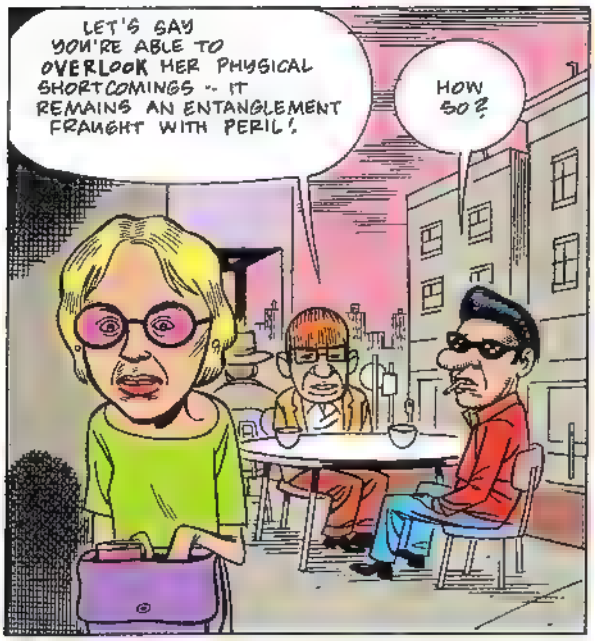
COOL YOUR JETS

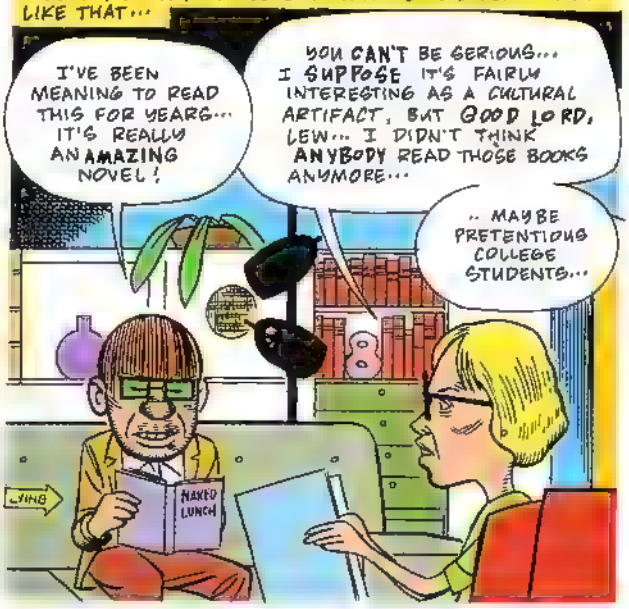









LET'S SAY YOU'RE ABLE TO OVERLOOK HER PHYSICAL SHORTCOMINGS -- IT REMAINS AN ENTANGLEMENT FRAUGHT WITH PERIL!
HOW SO?

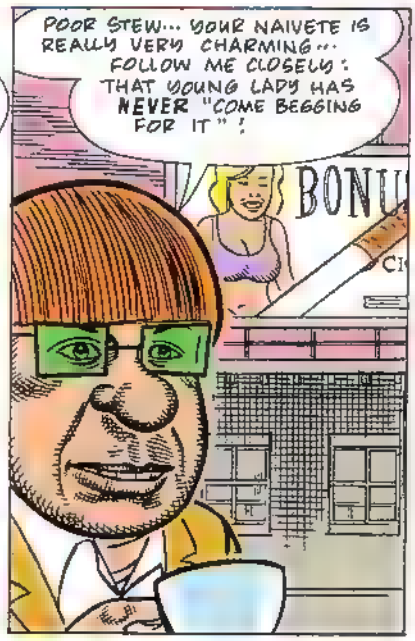

FACE IT, STEW, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO OFFER A WOMAN LIKE THAT...
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO READ THIS FOR YEARS... IT'S REALLY AN AMAZING NOVEL!
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS... I SUPPOSE IT'S FAIRLY INTERESTING AS A CULTURAL ARTIFACT, BUT GOOD LORD, LEW... I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY READ THOSE BOOKS ANYMORE...
.. MAYBE PRETENTIOUS COLLEGE STUDENTS...
NAKED LUNCH

AND ONCE IT GETS STARTED, THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS IT CAN GO: IF SHE'S EVIL, YOU'LL BE USEFUL TO HER ONLY AS A TEMPORARY, EGO-BOLSTERING DIVERSION...
YOU CAN'T WRITE OFF EVERYTHING TO COME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD... WHAT ABOUT CITIZEN KANE... OR 2001
HA HA INDEED, LEW!
?
OH LEW, YOU'RE SIMPLY PRICELESS! HA HA

AND IF SHE'S NOT EVIL, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SHE GETS REALLY BORED...
♫ ...NO BIRD OF GRACE EVER LIT ON AUNTIE GRIZELDA... ♫
WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS MORONIC MUSIC?
PLOP

AND ANYWAY, THESE WOMEN ARE INVARIABLY ATTRACTED TO DUMB MUSCLEBOUND STUDS... MUCH IN THE SAME WAY THAT MEN LIKE YOU AND I ARE PRONE TO FAWN OVER STUPID, SILICON-INJECTED SLUTS...
GOD, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL... GRUNT SOMETHING GUTTURAL AND MEANINGLESS AT ME...

WELL OKAY LEW, SINCE YOU BRING IT UP, HOW ABOUT IT?
LOOK AT THAT GAL.. WOULD YOU THROW HER OUT IF SHE CAME BEGGIN' FOR IT?


POOR STEW... YOUR NAIVETE IS REALLY VERY CHARMING... FOLLOW ME CLOSELY: THAT YOUNG LADY HAS NEVER "COME BEGGING FOR IT"!

MOREOVER, SHE'S ALMOST CERTAINLY A **NARCISSISTIC MORON** WHO WILL JABBER ENDLESSLY ABOUT "HER CAREER", AEROBICS, ETC...

IF I CAN'T GET RID OF THIS ARM FLAB BEFORE MY OCTOBER AUDITION I'LL SEE TO IT THAT MY TRAINER NEVER WORKS AGAIN!

I HAVE THE SAME BIRTH-STONE AS MARILYN!

AND EVEN IF YOU CAN STOMACH SUCH NONSENSE YOU'VE GOT A TOUGH ROW TO HOE... YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH A CROWD, COMPETING AGAINST WORLD-CLASS **MASTER MANIPULATORS**...

I'M IMPRESSED BY A MAN WHO CAN WRANGLE HIS WAY PAST MY HANDLERS...

BUT SAY YOU WERE ABLE TO ESTABLISH A ROMANTIC TOE-HOLD... YOU'D HAVE TO PAY HER YOUR **UNDIVIDED ATTENTION**, DOTE ON HER LIKE A **GODDESS**, AND **PLY** HER WITH **SIMPLISTIC 'SPIRITUAL' MUMBO-JUMBO** FOR AS LONG AS YOU WANTED THE RELATIONSHIP TO LAST.

HE ONLY SEES YOUR **PHYSICAL** SELF. YOU NEED THE GROUNDING I CAN GIVE YOU... I APPRECIATE YOUR **INNER** BEAUTY... THE SAD, BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL INSIDE YOU... ETC. ETC.

:SNIFF:

AND SAY YOU DO THIS... YOU **WASTE** THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HER VIRTUES FADE? WHAT ARE YOU LEFT WITH? SOME SHRILL, SELF-OBSESSED, DRUNKEN **HAG!**

LEW... AM I STILL BEAUTIFUL?

OF COURSE...

NO I'M NOT, I HATE YOU! LOOK AT THIS HOUSE! I COULD HAVE MARRIED A BELUSHI! :SOB:

I DUNNO... IT MIGHT BE WORTH IT...

OF COURSE IT WOULDN'T!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT **THEN** WHAT, LEW? **WHAT'S THE ANSWER?**

WELL, THAT'S A VERY COMPLI...

HOW ABOUT **HER?** A NICE, PLAIN, QUIET, SHY GIRL? SHE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE... COULDN'T YOU HAVE A NICE LIFE WITH SOMEONE LIKE HER?

SURE, YOU COULD CONTROL HER TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS, EXPLOITING HER WEAKNESS AND PASSIVITY WITHOUT NECESSARILY EVEN BEING AWARE OF IT...

SORRY I'M LATE! WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

WHAT?

THIS CAN GO ON FOR YEARS, BUT ONE DAY WHEN SHE'S ABOUT FIFTY, SHE'LL GET SICK OF IT AND COME OUT OF HER SHELL. HER PERSONALITY WILL CHANGE DRASTICALLY AND SHE'LL TAKE UP AN ANNOYING HOBBY JUST TO IRRITATE YOU AND YOU'LL BE STUCK.

MY THEATER FRIENDS ARE COMING OVER FOR A REHEARSAL TONIGHT...

:GRUMBLE:

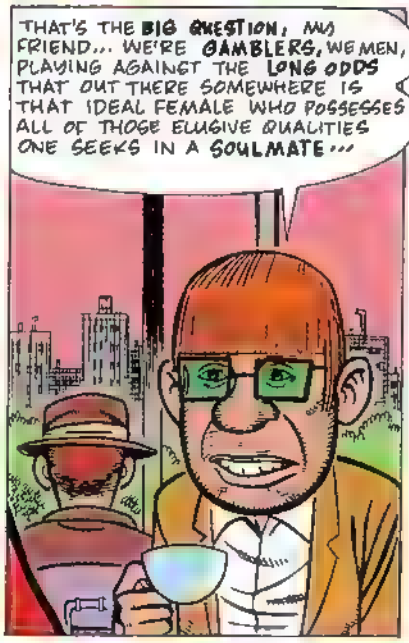
FONDUE

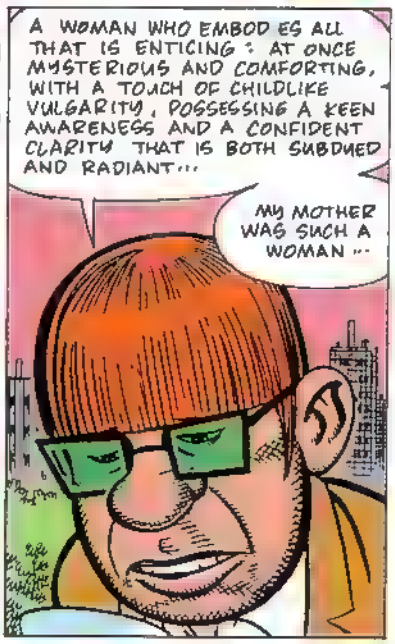
MAYBE IT'S BEST TO JUST PICK 'EM AT RANDOM... LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY... LIKE HER LIKE WHAT IF I JUST PICKED HER AND SAID "FUCK IT"?
GREAT IDEA, STEW!

THAT WAY YOU'RE ASSURING YOURSELF A LIFE OF MISERY...
ON THE WAY HOME FROM CHURCH I BOUGHT $7500 WORTH OF HUMMEL FIGURINES!
DID YOU TAPE "ANOTHER WORLD" FOR ME?
I'M STARVING...
:WHIMPER:

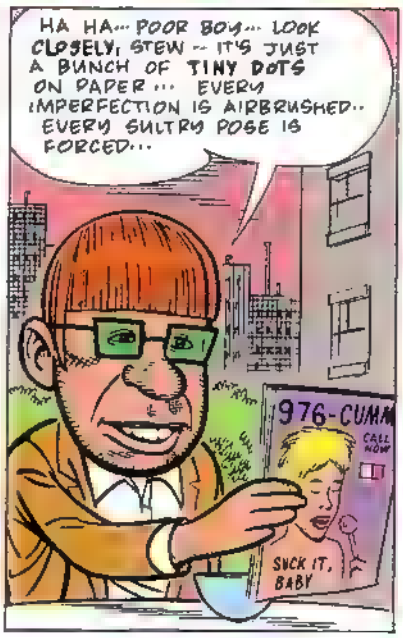
WELL WHAT ABOUT THAT GIRL?
FORGET IT... JEE-SUS!

SO AGAIN LEW... WHAT'S THE ANSWER IS THERE REALLY THAT ONE PERFECT WOMAN FOR EVERY MAN, AS WE ARE OFTEN LED TO BELIEVE, OR IS IT ALL SOME CRAZY WILD GOOSE CHASE


THAT'S THE BIG QUESTION, MY FRIEND... WE'RE GAMBLERS, WE MEN, PLAYING AGAINST THE LONG ODDS THAT OUT THERE SOMEWHERE IS THAT IDEAL FEMALE WHO POSSESSES ALL OF THOSE ELUSIVE QUALITIES ONE SEEKS IN A SOULMATE...

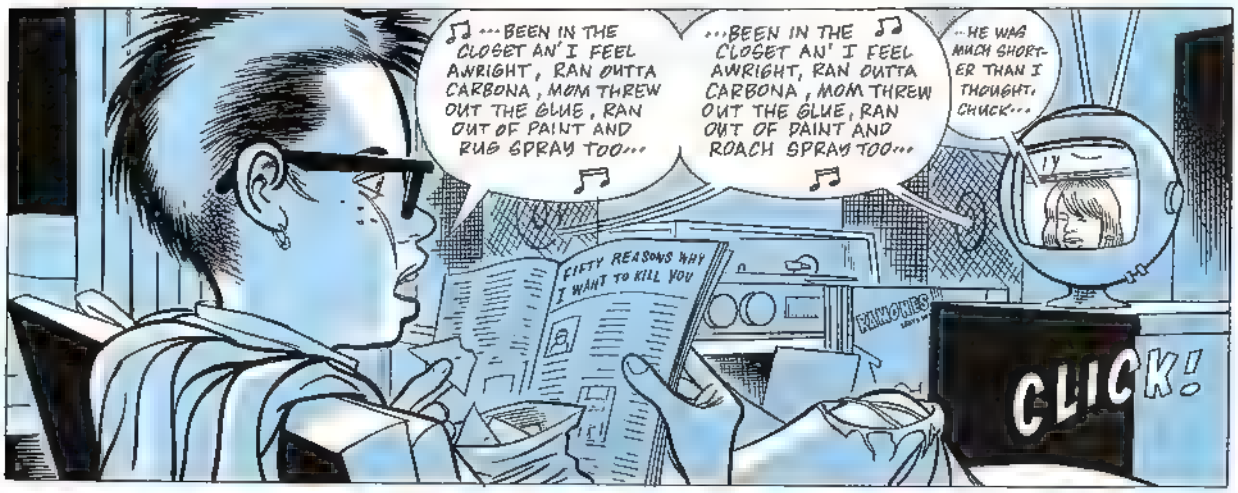

A WOMAN WHO EMBODIES ALL THAT IS ENTICING: AT ONCE MYSTERIOUS AND COMFORTING, WITH A TOUCH OF CHILDLIKE VULGARITY, POSSESSING A KEEN AWARENESS AND A CONFIDENT CLARITY THAT IS BOTH SUBDUED AND RADIANT...
MY MOTHER WAS SUCH A WOMAN...

THEY ARE VERY, VERY UNCOMMON INDEED...
YEAH, WELL TO HELL WITH IT... AT LEAST I'VE STILL GOT THIS. I'M GONNA GO HOME AND BEAT OFF!
HOSEBAG

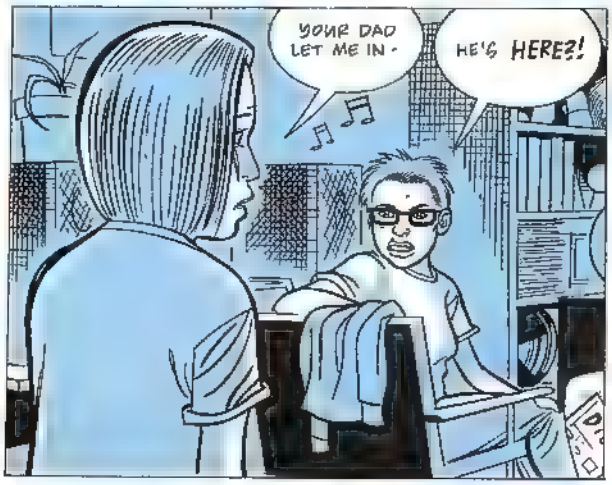

HA HA... POOR BOY... LOOK CLOSELY, STEW -- IT'S JUST A BUNCH OF TINY DOTS ON PAPER... EVERY IMPERFECTION IS AIRBRUSHED.. EVERY SULTRY POSE IS FORCED...
976-CUMM
CALL NOW
SUCK IT, BABY

HA HA HA "HONEY HOOTERS" ... DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT'S HER REAL NAME, STEW?
POP!

GHOST WORLD


♫ ...BEEN IN THE CLOSET AN' I FEEL AWRIGHT, RAN OUTTA CARBONA, MOM THREW OUT THE GLUE, RAN OUT OF PAINT AND RUG SPRAY TOO... ♫
...BEEN IN THE CLOSET AN' I FEEL AWRIGHT, RAN OUTTA CARBONA, MOM THREW OUT THE GLUE, RAN OUT OF PAINT AND ROACH SPRAY TOO... ♫
...HE WAS MUCH SHORTER THAN I THOUGHT. CHUCK...
FIFTY REASONS WHY I WANT TO KILL YOU
CLICK!

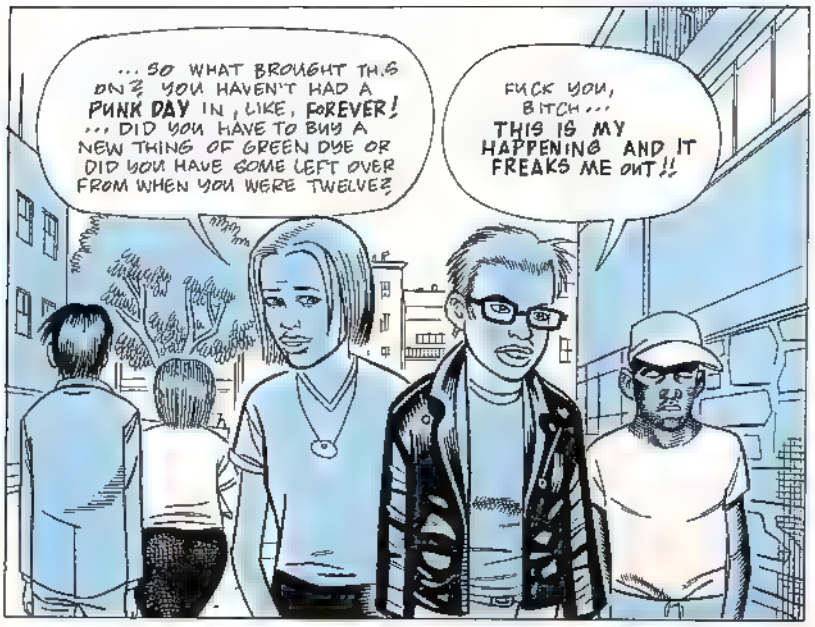
OH MY GOD... ...IS THAT REALLY YOUR HAIR?
HOW DID YOU GET IN?


YOUR DAD LET ME IN.
HE'S HERE?!

THAT ASSHOLE!

♫ DO IT ONE MORE TIME FOR ME OOO-OOO WEE... ♫

LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT!


...SO WHAT BROUGHT THIS ON? YOU HAVEN'T HAD A PUNK DAY IN, LIKE, FOREVER! ...DID YOU HAVE TO BUY A NEW THING OF GREEN DYE OR DID YOU HAVE SOME LEFT OVER FROM WHEN YOU WERE TWELVE?
FUCK YOU, BITCH... THIS IS MY HAPPENING AND IT FREAKS ME OUT!!

I'VE GOT A GOOD FEELING ABOUT THIS... I JUST KNOW WE'RE GOING TO SEE BOB SKEETES TODAY!
DO YOU HAVE "GOOD VIBES"?
BUT OF COURSE!

OH MY GOD, IS THAT HIM?
WHERE?
AT THE COUNTER..

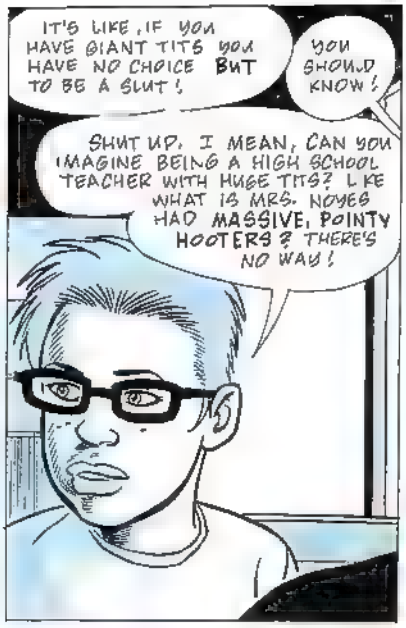
HIM? NO WAY!

NOT EVEN CLOSE... BOB SKEETES IS LIKE A MILLION TIMES GREATER THAN THAT GUY!
OH MAN...

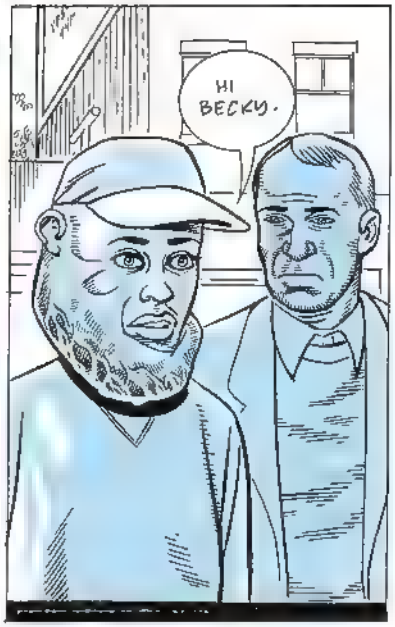
CHECK IT OUT-- WHAT A FUCKING DRAG!

WHEN I WAS, LIKE, THIRTEEN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE REALLY COOL TO BE A PROSTITUTE... I THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE HANDSOME GUYS WOULD TAKE YOU OUT ON THESE ROMANTIC DATES AND YOU'D FUCK THEM AND THEN THEY'D PAY YOU...

EWW! LOOK AT THAT CREEPY GUY-- THAT'S THE WORST! HE'S OBVIOUSLY A SERIAL KILLER!
I JUST MEANT IT WOULD SUCK TO HAVE HUMONGOUS TITS!


IT'S LIKE, IF YOU HAVE GIANT TITS YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BE A SLUT!
YOU SHOULD KNOW!
SHUT UP. I MEAN, CAN YOU IMAGINE BEING A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER WITH HUGE TITS? LIKE WHAT IS MRS. NOYES HAD MASSIVE, POINTY HOOTERS? THERE'S NO WAY!

OR, LIKE, WHAT IF A WOMAN WITH HUGE TITS DECIDED TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT--
...YIKES!
WHAT?
DON'T LOOK...

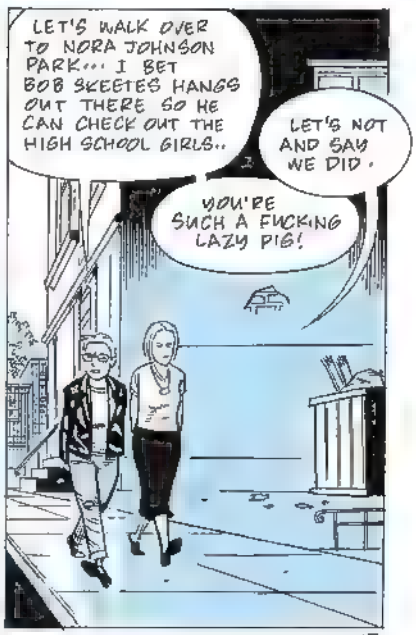

HI BECKY.

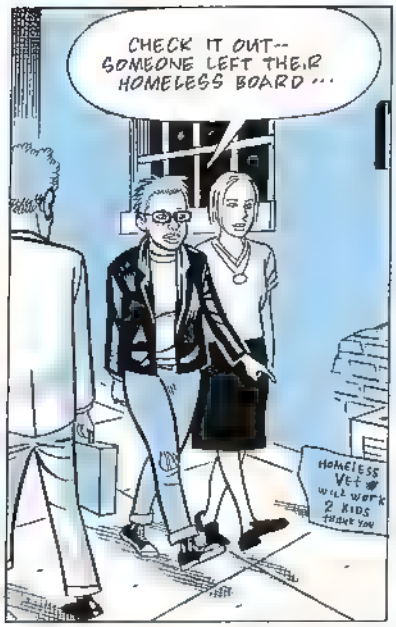
WHAT THE FUCK? DID SHE SAY "HI BECKY"?
I-I THINK SO..

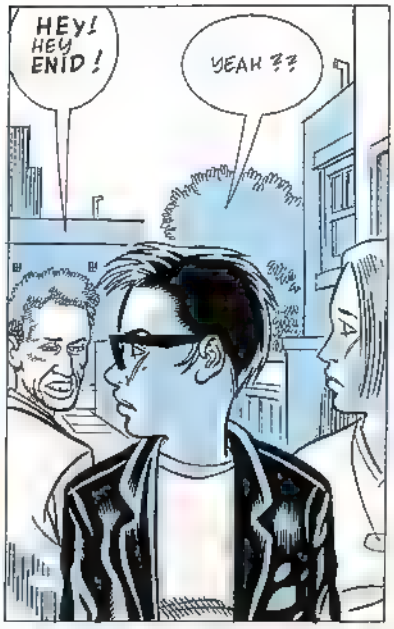
OH MY FUCKING GOD, DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT WAS? YOU'RE GONNA DIE-- THAT WAS CARRIE VANDENBURG!!
REMEMBER HOW MELORRA SAID SHE HAD CANCER OR SOMETHING...

AIEEEE!!!

SHHH!

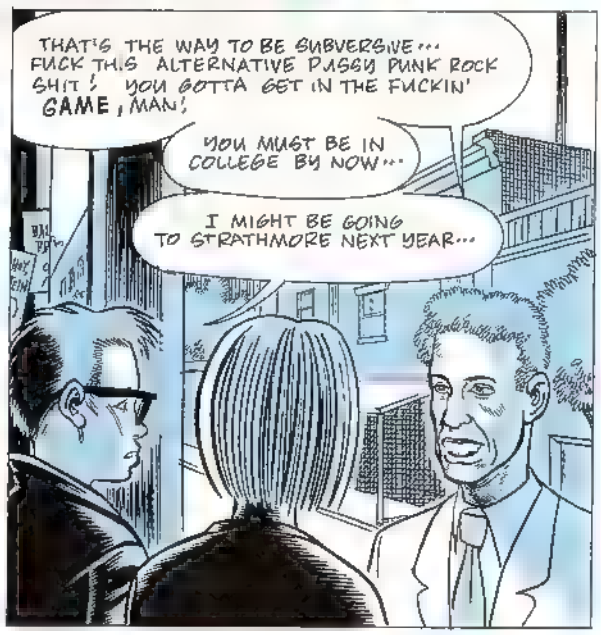

LET'S WALK OVER TO NORA JOHNSON PARK... I BET BOB SKEETES HANGS OUT THERE SO HE CAN CHECK OUT THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS..
LET'S NOT AND SAY WE DID.
YOU'RE SUCH A FUCKING LAZY PIG!

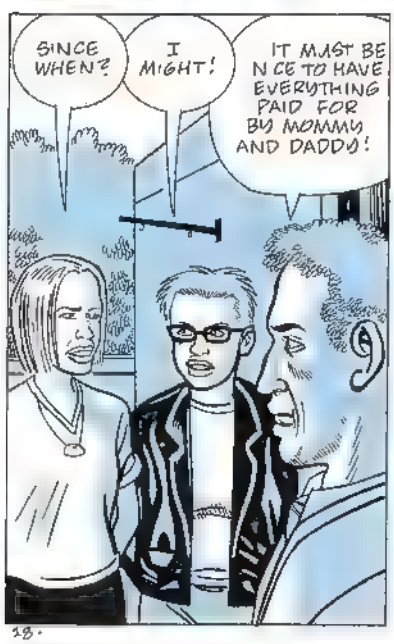

CHECK IT OUT-- SOMEONE LEFT THEIR HOMELESS BOARD...
HOMELESS YET WILL WORK 2 KIDS THANK YOU


HEY! HEY ENID!
YEAH??

REMEMBER ME? JOHN CROWLEY.
OH YEAH! HEY!
WHAT'S UP? ...DO YOU STILL HANG OUT AT THE CHINESE?

NAH... I THINK IT'S CLOSED...
IT'S JUST AS WELL... I CAN'T LISTEN TO THAT SHIT ANYMORE! I'VE BEEN GOING TO BUSINESS SCHOOL... I'M GONNA BE A BIG-ASS CORPORATE FUCK!
I'M GONNA WORK FOR TEN YEARS, FUCK THINGS UP FROM THE INSIDE AS MUCH AS I CAN, AND THEN RETIRE WHEN I'M THIRTY-FIVE!


THAT'S THE WAY TO BE SUBVERSIVE... FUCK THIS ALTERNATIVE PUSSY PUNK ROCK SHIT! YOU GOTTA GET IN THE FUCKIN' GAME, MAN!
YOU MUST BE IN COLLEGE BY NOW...
I MIGHT BE GOING TO STRATHMORE NEXT YEAR...

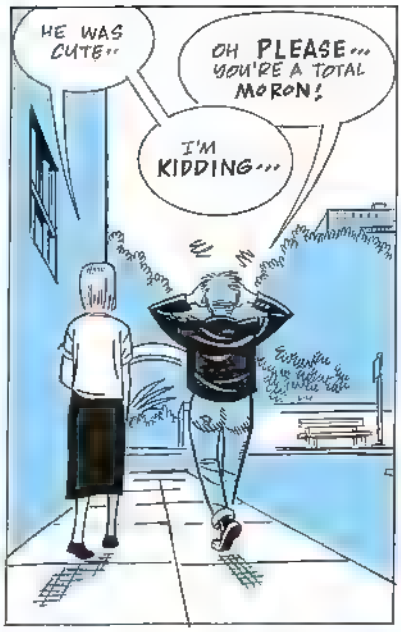

SINCE WHEN?
I MIGHT!
IT MUST BE NICE TO HAVE EVERYTHING PAID FOR BY MOMMY AND DADDY!

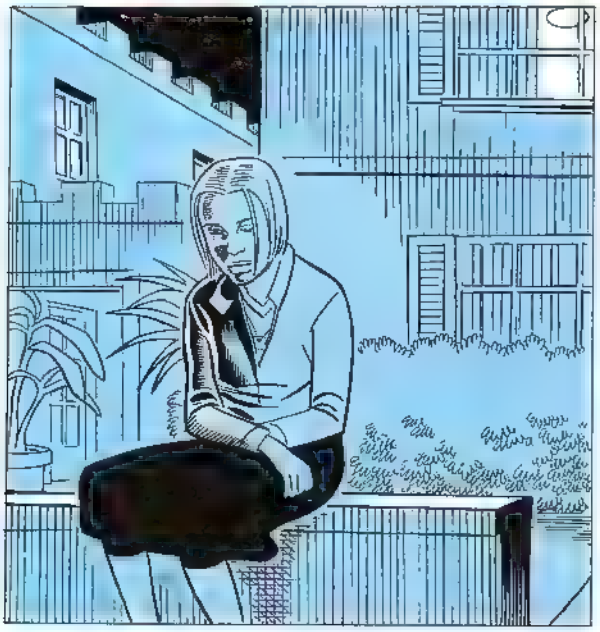
I'M PAYING FOR IT MYSELF!
YEAH RIGHT... GOOD LUCK! YOU'RE GONNA BE PAYING OFF LOANS WHEN YOU'RE NINETY!
ANYWAY, I'M LATE! I GOTTA SPLIT!

FORGET ABOUT THAT PUNK ROCK SHIT-- GET OUT IN THE REAL WORLD AND MAKE SOME MONEY!
GO DIE, ASSHOLE.
WHO WAS THAT?

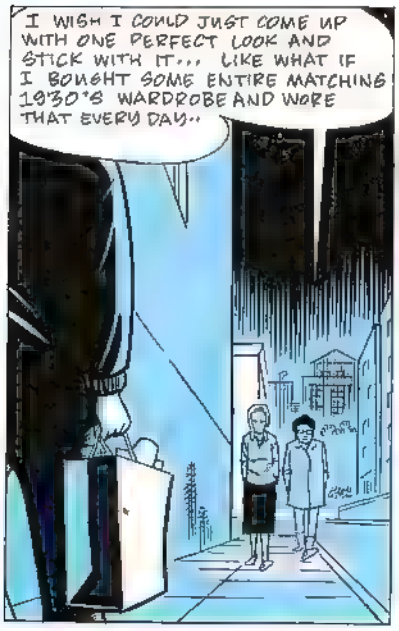
...'JOHNNY APESHIT"
THE JOHNNY APESHIT? THE GUY WHO SPRAY-PAINTED "ANARCHY" ON YOUR DAD'S CAR? I THOUGHT HE WAS LIKE A SKINHEAD JUNKIE...

HE WAS... GOD, WHAT AN ASSHOLE! ... I CAN'T BELIEVE HE SAW ME DRESSED LIKE THIS...
MOMMY AND DADDY".. FUCK HIM!


HE WAS CUTE..
OH PLEASE... YOU'RE A TOTAL MORON!
I'M KIDDING...



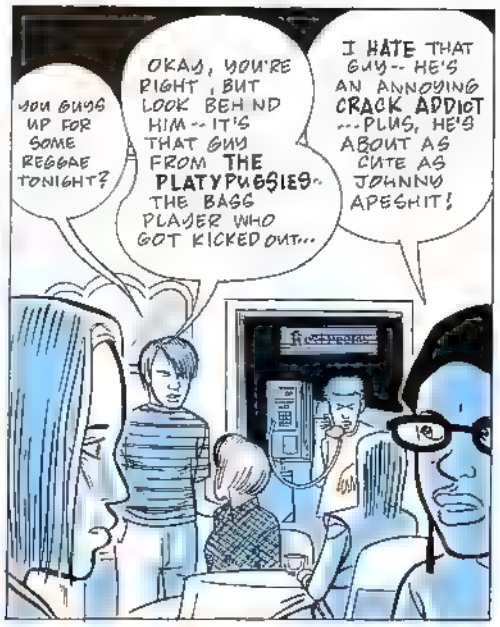
SO WHAT'S THIS LOOK CALLED?
IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS "GOING PUNK" OR SOMETHING... I'M NOT FUCKING THIRTEEN... ANYBODY WITH HALF A FUCKING BRAIN COULD SEE THAT I WASN'T DRESSED LIKE SOME MODERN HARDCORE ASSHOLE... IT WAS LIKE AN OLD 1977 PUNK LOOK.. ... I'M SURE JOHNNY SHITHEAD IS WAY TOO MUCH OF AN IDIOT TO FIGURE THAT OUT!


I WISH I COULD JUST COME UP WITH ONE PERFECT LOOK AND STICK WITH IT... LIKE WHAT IF I BOUGHT SOME ENTIRE MATCHING 1930'S WARDROBE AND WORE THAT EVERY DAY..

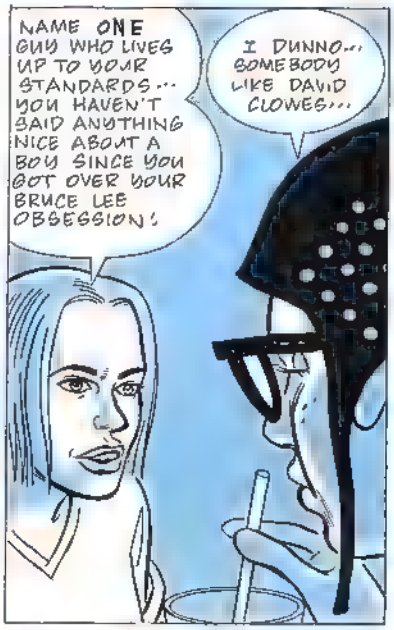
THE TROUBLE WITH THAT IS YOU LOOK REALLY STUPID AND PRETENTIOUS IF YOU GO TO A MALL OR A TACO BELL OR SOMETHING... AND YOU HAVE TO ACT A CERTAIN WAY AND DRIVE AN OLD CAR AND EVERYTHING AND IT'S A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS!

GOD, DON'T YOU JUST LOVE IT WHEN YOU SEE TWO REALLY UGLY PEOPLE IN LOVE LIKE THAT?

SEE THAT GUY... I SAW HIM AT THE POST OFFICE YESTERDAY. HE GIVES ME A TOTAL BONER!
HE'S LIKE THE BIGGEST IDIOT I'VE EVER SEEN!


YOU GUYS UP FOR SOME REGGAE TONIGHT?
OKAY, YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT LOOK BEHIND HIM -- IT'S THAT GUY FROM THE PLATYPUSSIES. THE BASS PLAYER WHO GOT KICKED OUT...
I HATE THAT GUY -- HE'S AN ANNOYING CRACK ADDICT ...PLUS, HE'S ABOUT AS CUTE AS JOHNNY APESHIT!

FACE IT, YOU HATE EVERY SINGLE BOY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
THAT'S NOT TRUE, I JUST HATE ALL THESE OBNOXIOUS, EXTROVERTED, PSEUDO-BOHEMIAN ART-SCHOOL LOSERS!


NAME ONE GUY WHO LIVES UP TO YOUR STANDARDS... YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING NICE ABOUT A BOY SINCE YOU GOT OVER YOUR BRUCE LEE OBSESSION!
I DUNNO... SOMEBODY LIKE DAVID CLOWES...

WHO'S THAT?
HE'S LIKE THIS FAMOUS CARTOONIST... JOHN ELLIS SHOWED ME SOME OF HIS COMICS...
YICK! I HATE CARTOONS!

THESE AREN'T LIKE NORMAL CARTOONS.
STILL, I JUST HATE ANYBODY WHO LIKES CARTOONS..
WELL FUCK YOU -- AT LEAST HE ISN'T SOME GUITAR PLUNKIN' MORON!

WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?
GOD, REMEMBER THAT GUY WHO USED TO CALL ME UP IN HIGH SCHOOL -- THAT GUY THOMAS. HE USED TO CALL ME UP AND ASK ME A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS AND THEN HE WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING AND I'D BE LIKE TALKING TO MYSELF AND I COULD HEAR HIM PLUNKIN' AWAY ON HIS STUPID GUITAR IN THE BACKGROUND..
WHAT A FUCKIN' CREEP!

HE LOOKS LIKE HIM?

NO... I CHANGED THE SUBJECT TO GUITAR-PLUNKIN' MORONS... I ALSO THINK HE USED TO ASK ME QUESTIONS SO HE COULD JERK OFF TO THE SOUND OF MY VOICE!

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE... SHALOM!

FUCK YOU! SINCE WHEN DO YOU WORK HERE?

ZINE-O-PHOBIA

SINCE ALWAYS ON TUESDAY... HI REBECCA...

SHE'S PRETENDING SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU.

PENIS #2

SHE THINKS SHE'S CUTE ENOUGH TO PULL OFF THAT STUCK-UP VIRGIN ICE-QUEEN SHTICK...

SHE IS.

I GUESS YOU WOULD KNOW!

HEY, SPEAKING OF LESBIANS, I JUST GOT THIS INCREDIBLE VIDEOTAPE FROM SOME GUY IN MANITOBA... IT'S LIKE A TENTH GENERATION DUB OF THESE TWO CANADIAN BULL DYKES DRUNKENLY TORTURING SOME HIGH SCHOOL JOCK IN THIS ABANDONED SCHOOLHOUSE...

MMM

ZINE O PHOBIA
SPECIAL APPEARANCES
JULY 5 CANCELLED
6 MR. & MRS. DOG SHIT
6 OR DEATH ZINE
10 DAN CLOWES COMICS
11 HARVEY KID FISHER
14 SKIN GRAFT
TAMMY WHISKY

... IT'S REALLY HARD TO SEE BUT THERE'S THIS PART WHERE IT LOOKS LIKE THEY PEEL AWAY THE SKIN ON HIS FINGERS AND SCRAPE HIS BONY STUMPS ACROSS THE BLACKBOARD!

MASS MURDERER TRADING CARDS

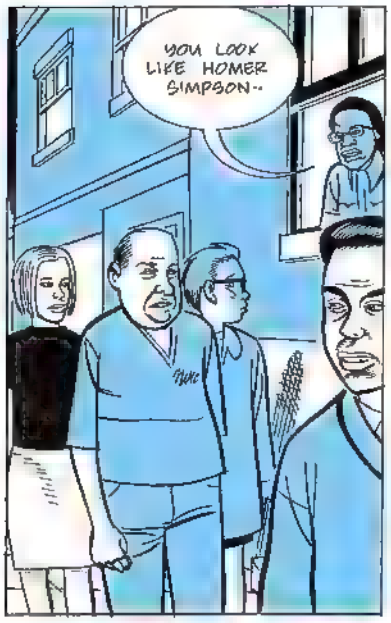
WHAT DID JOHN ELLIS SAY ABOUT ME?

HE LOVES YOU. IT'S SO PATHETIC...

HEY LOOK! IT'S THE PANTS!

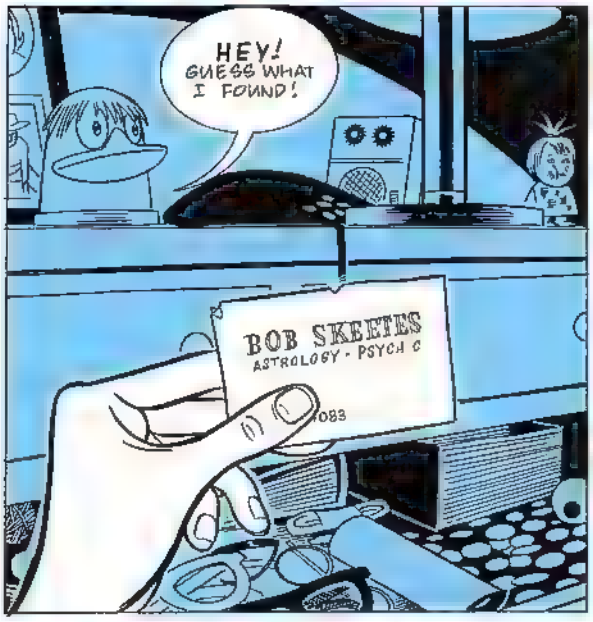
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE STILL HERE!

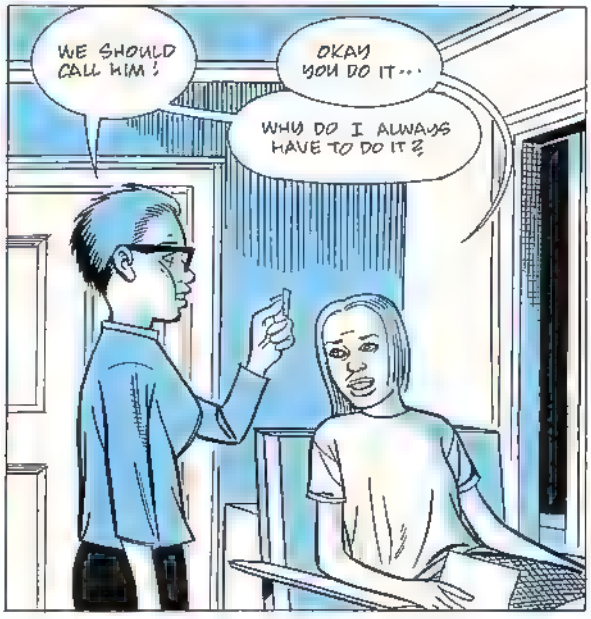
YOU LOOK LIKE EDDIE MUNSTER...

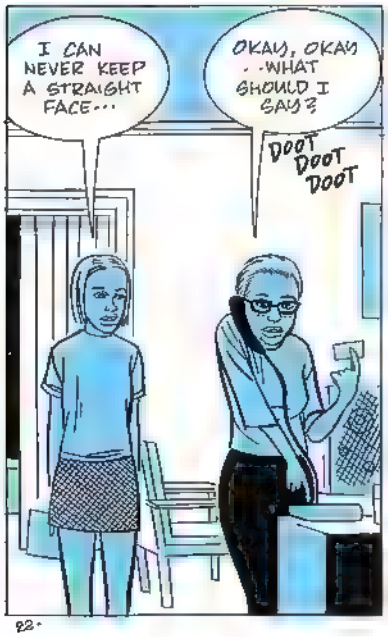

YOU LOOK LIKE HOMER SIMPSON..

YOU LOOK LIKE JULIE ON THE MOD SQUAD...
YOU LOOK LIKE ZELDA GILROY...

YOU LOOK LIKE BOGLEY ON CHARLEY'S ANGELS..
WHO'S ZELDA GILROY AGAIN?
YOU KNOW.. DOBIE GILLIS.


HEY! GUESS WHAT I FOUND!
BOB SKEETES
ASTROLOGY · PSYCH C
083


WE SHOULD CALL HIM!
OKAY YOU DO IT...
WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO DO IT?


I CAN NEVER KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE...
OKAY, OKAY ..WHAT SHOULD I SAY?
DOOT DOOT DOOT

ASK HIM IF..
SHHH!
HI, THIS IS BOB SKEETES. I'M NOT IN RIGHT NOW BUT IF YOU LEAVE A MESSAGE, I WILL CALL YOU BACK. I WILL CALL YOU BACK.
BEEP

LISTEN SKEETES, I'M ON TO YOU... I KNOW ABOUT YOU AND THOSE SATANISTS... I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU AND I SAW WHAT YOU DID... I'VE SEEN YOU AT ANGELS, SKEETES... YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYBODY WITH THAT TOUPEE ...I THINK..
BOOP

WHY DID YOU SAY THAT?
I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING...
SHIT!
I HATE ANSWERING MACHINES... IT'S SO OBNOXIOUS TO RECORD PEOPLE'S VOICES LIKE THAT!

HEY, DID I TELL YOU I'M GONNA MEET THAT CARTOONIST NEXT WEEK... CHECK IT OUT!
WHAT IF BOB SKEETES FIGURES OUT IT WAS YOU WHO LEFT THAT MESSAGE?

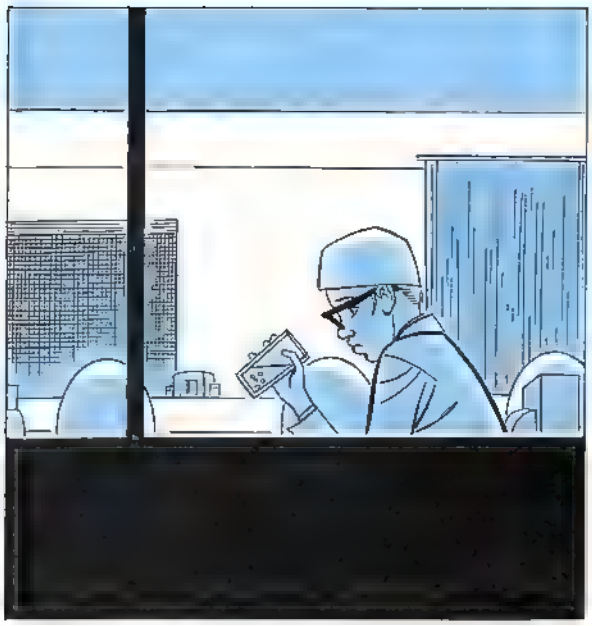
I DUNNO-HE WON'T... ANYWAY, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT-IT'S THE SAME GUY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT...
WHEN?
WHEN YOU CALLED ME A MAN-HATER...
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

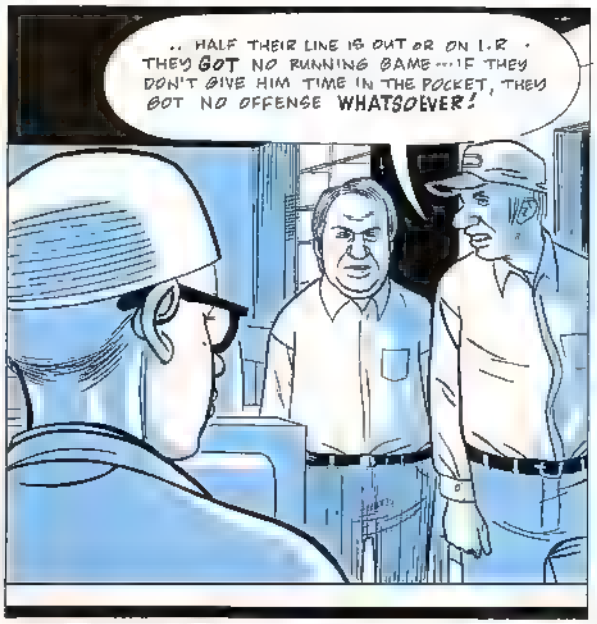
You've never even seen a picture of this guy?
I dunno, I've got a pretty good idea of what he looks like..

HEY ENID!
HI.

SIGNING TODAY 2-4

2-

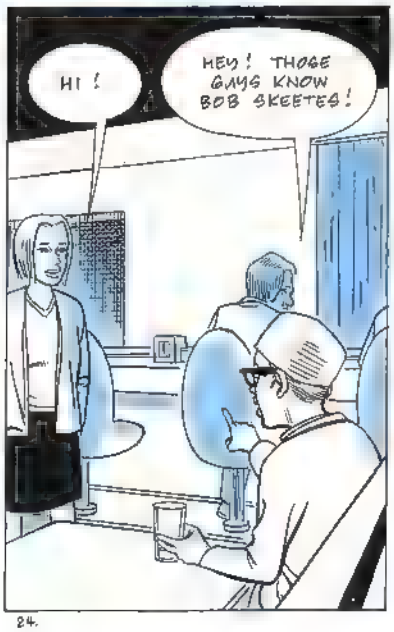



.. HALF THEIR LINE IS OUT OR ON I.R. THEY GOT NO RUNNING GAME...IF THEY DON'T GIVE HIM TIME IN THE POCKET, THEY GOT NO OFFENSE WHATSOEVER!

HOW MANY POINTS DID HE GIVE YOU?
SIX AND A HALF.
HE SHOULD CHANGE HIS NAME TO FUCKIN' SANTA CLAUS!

I HALF EXPECTED TO RUN INTO OL' BOB SKEETES OVER HERE..
WHERE'S HE BEEN AT?
I SEEN 'IM OVER T'LONNES..

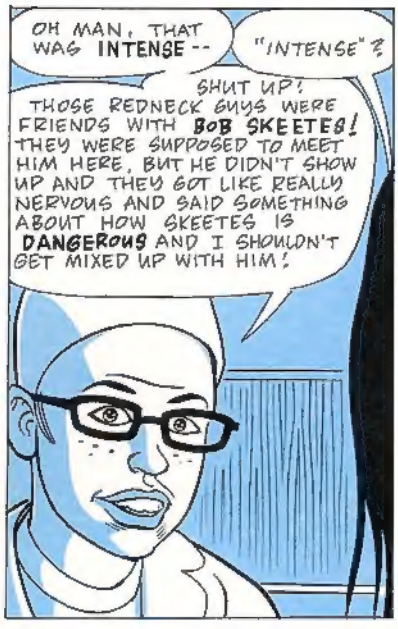
DO YOU GUYS KNOW BOB SKEETES?
BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP WITH SKEETES... HOW DO YOU KNOW HIM?
HE CAME TO MY GARAGE SALE!
I BET HE DIDN'T BUY NOTHIN'! HA HA HA

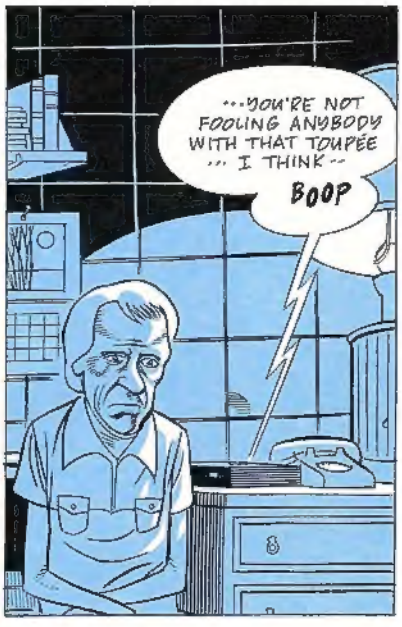

HI!
HEY! THOSE GUYS KNOW BOB SKEETES!

SO.. HOW D IT GO?

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT... YOU WERE RIGHT!
...THERE WAS NOBODY THERE AND HE WAS LIKE THIS OLD PERV...

ADMIT IT, YOU REALLY DO HATE ALL MEN!
MAYBE I DO.


OH MAN, THAT WAS INTENSE--
"INTENSE"?
SHUT UP! THOSE REDNECK GUYS WERE FRIENDS WITH BOB SKEETES! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET HIM HERE, BUT HE DIDN'T SHOW UP AND THEY GOT LIKE REALLY NERVOUS AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HOW SKEETES IS DANGEROUS AND I SHOULDN'T GET MIXED UP WITH HIM!


...YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYBODY WITH THAT TOUPÉE ... I THINK--
BOOP

LOOK HOW HOT WE ARE... HOW COME NO BOYS EVER ASK US OUT ON DATES?

MAYBE WE SHOULD BE LESBOS!
GET AWAY FROM ME!

THE TROUBLE IS THE KIND OF GUY I WANT TO GO OUT WITH DOESN'T EVEN EXIST... LIKE A RUGGED, CHAIN-SMOKING, INTELLECTUAL, ADVENTURER GUY WHO'S REALLY SERIOUS, BUT ALSO REALLY FUNNY AND MEAN...

THEN HOW COME THE ONLY GUY YOU EVER FUCKED IS THE TOTAL OPPOSITE OF THAT?
I KNOW... IT'S FUCKED! SOMETIMES I THINK I ACT SO STUPID BECAUSE I'M GOING CRAZY FROM SEXUAL FRUSTRATION!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE MIRACLE OF MASTURBATION?
I DUNNO... IT NEVER WORKS...
I ALWAYS WIND UP THINKING ABOUT MR. PIERCE...

Okay, he's teaching summer school and his last class has just left and he's grading papers by himself...

Hello Mr. Pierce... Do you remember me?
Enid! I-I always DREAMED you'd come back!

I've thought about you EVERY MINUTE for the past two years!
No wait...

Wait... okay, I'm taking a shower...

He's so turned on he gets in with his clothes on...

No wait... okay, first he calls me up and says he's coming over...
Okay... he comes over and wakes me up in the middle of the night...
Enid darling...
No, wait... okay...
okay...

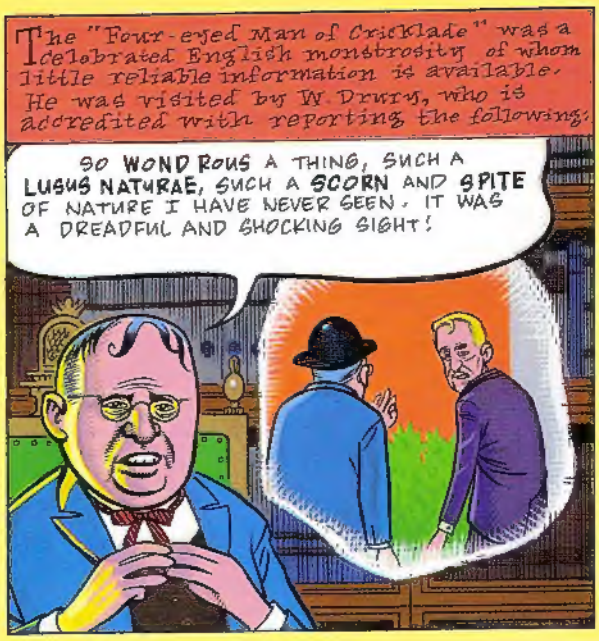
zzzzz
Clowes

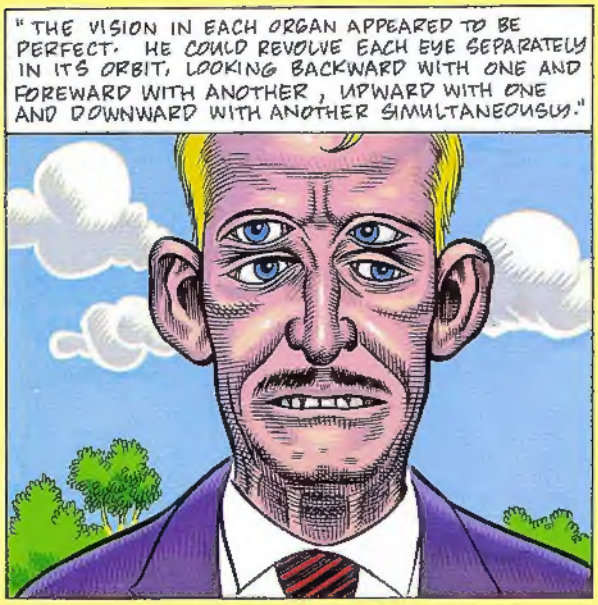
ANOMALIES *and* CURIOSITIES *of* MEDICINE

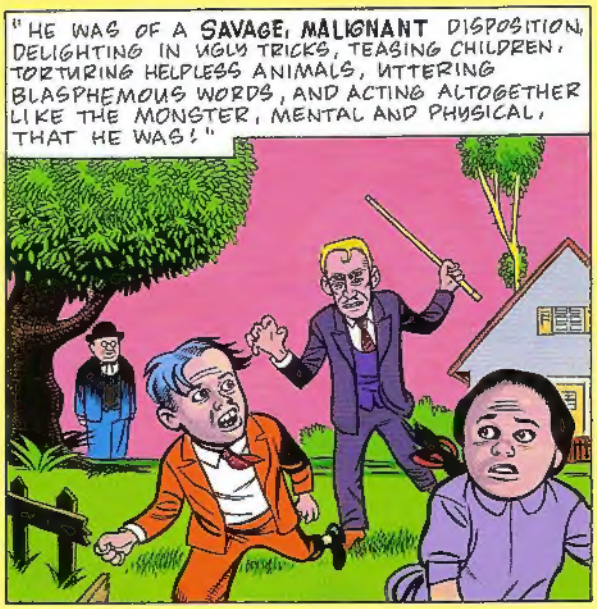
Being an encyclopedic collection of rare and extraordinary cases and of the most striking instances of abnormality in all branches of medicine, derived from an exhaustive research of medical literature from its origin to the present day.

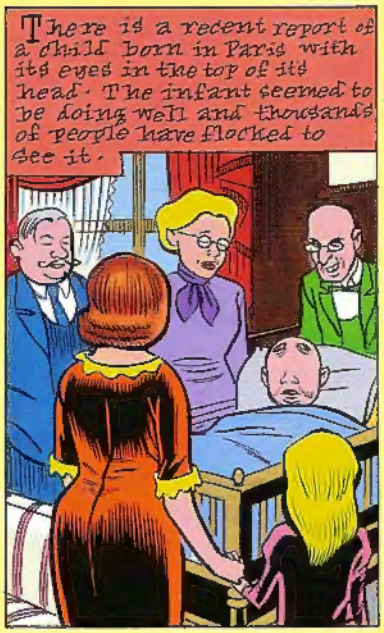
by GEORGE M. GOULD, A.M., M.D.
and WALTER L. PYLE, A.M., M.D.
ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL G. CLOWES, B.F.A.

Chapter VI: Minor Teratu
SUPERNUMERARY EYES









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